

March 8, 2006

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Anne Alcott, I'm the ex sister-in-law of Michael Alcott. I wanted to write you this letter just to give you a little insite into my relationship with Mike over the years.

I've known Michael since he was 13 years old. From what I remember, he was a typical, well adjusted teenager, who did all the normal things that a 13 year old would do. He hung out with friends, played hockey, and he had pretty decent marks in school. In 8th grade, he was accepted to BC High in Dorchester, and seemed pretty happy about going there. Unfortunately, he only lasted his Freshman year, then transferred to North Quincy High School. His grades were horrible, and it seemed that his whole personality was changing for the worst. His parents and brother just wrote it off that he was just being lazy. Mike started becoming a wise guy, sneaky and worse of all, a liar. He could tell a story that always seemed believable. He had just about everyone fooled.

Mike's personality really changed for the worst when his brother and I got married when Mike was around 16. His whole world seemed to be spiraling downhill. That was the start of all his major problems. At 16, he tried to burn his house down. (which to me, now thinking back, was a definite cry for help) But all his parents did, was talk to him and told him to wise up. If a teenager can get away with something that terrible, they can pretty much get away with anything. Mikes hands use to shake terrible, and the lies only got worse. I think they may have sent him to a neurologist, who may have prescribed some type of medication, but I'm not sure.

If after all these years Mike said he was sexually abused, then he was abused., and I believe him. Apparently this happened when he was at BC High. If he had talked to someone back then, maybe he wouldn't be where he is today. He obviously needed psychiatric help, but never received it. I feel that he was abandoned by the people he depended upon the most: his parents, brother, teachers, friends, etc.

Michael is a tremendously wonderful person who after 44 years, is FINALLY understanding himself.

Sincerely,

Anne Alcott